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In a little book designed for expectant mothers more complete instruction is given in the use of "Mother's Friend." This is an external embrocation applied to the abdominal muscles for the purpose of reducing the strain on ligaments, cords and tendons.

It serves to ease the mind, indirectly has a most beneficial effect upon the nervous system and thousands of women have delightedly told how they were free of nausea, had no morning sickness and went through the ordeal with most remarkable success. "Mother's Friend" has been growing in popular favor for more than forty years. In almost every community are grandmothers who used it themselves, their daughters have used it and they certainly must know what a blessing it is when they recommend it so warmly. It is used very successfully to prevent caking of breasts.

"Mother's Friend" has been prepared in the laboratory of Bradford Regulator Co., 304 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for more than two generations and can be had of almost any druggist from coast to coast. Write to-day for the little book.

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## ANOTHER DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE WITH EX-ZEMA-FO

Dr. B. F. Hawley, 3646 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, writes: "Some months ago my attention was called to EX-ZEMA-FO, claimed to be a specific for eczema. The remedy was highly lauded by an eminent jurist, who obtained complete relief from its use. I am somewhat loath to employ or recommend secret or proprietary medicines or lotions not knowing their compound; but on investigating I was convinced of its harmlessness and employed it in some dozen or more cases with perfect satisfaction. A strange thing occurred during my observations, viz.: A member of my own family was suddenly afflicted with general eczema. I used EX-ZEMA-FO freely with the satisfaction of procuring both prompt and lasting relief. My sense of medical ethics would prevent me in tendering you this testimonial, but my feeling of gratefulness in having obtained both the product and necessary information from you, may perhaps justify my sending you this communication. You are entitled to this." So confident are we that EX-ZEMA-FO will relieve any case of eczema or other skin trouble that we agree to refund the purchase price if results are not satisfactory. 50 cents and \$1.00.

FOR SALE BY

LAURENS DRUG CO.  
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Spells of momentary blindness on stooping or rising suddenly, bad breath and a tired, lazy feeling are symptoms of a torpid liver and a torpid liver is the prime cause of most of the serious diseases that affect the human body. To get rid of bilious impurities and restore activity in the liver you need a dose of

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C. F. Simmons Medicine Co.  
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ST. LOUIS, MO.

Oh! you calomel get out of the way and let LIVER-LAX do the work. Purely vegetable. Ask Rays Pharmacy

# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES (Mrs. POST WHEELER)  
ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN STOUT

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CHAPTER XXI.—The yearly tournament, a survival of the fittest of feudal times, is to be held at Dandy court.

CHAPTER XXII.—At the last moment, Valiant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters the lists.

CHAPTER XXIII.—He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katharine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Katharine Fargo is deeply humiliated at reading in the faces of Valiant and Shirley the evidence of plighted troth.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### The Doctor Speaks.

While the vibrant strings hummed and sang through the roses, and the couples drifted on tireless and content, or blissfully "sat out" dances on the stairway, Katharine Fargo held her stately court no less gaily for the stealthy doubt that was creeping over her spirit. She had been so certain of what would happen that evening that when her father (between cigars on the porch with Judge Chalmers and Doctor Southall) had searched her out under a flag-of-truce, she had sent him to the right-about, laughingly declining to depart before royalty. But number followed number, and the knight in purple and gold had not paused again before her. Now the scarlet cloak no longer flaunted among the dancers, and the white satin gown and sparkling coronal had disappeared. The end of the next "round-dance" found her subsiding into the flower-banked alcove suddenly distracted amid her escort's sallies. It was at this moment that she saw, entering the corridor from the garden, the missing couple.

It was not the faint flush on Shirley's cheek—that was not deep—nor was it his nearness to her, though they stood closely, as lovers might. But there was in both their faces a something that resurgent conventionality had not had time to cover—a trembling reflection of that "light that never was, on sea or land"—which was like a death-stab to what lay far deeper than Katharine's heart, her pride. She drew swiftly back, dismayed at the sudden verification, and for an instant her whole body chilled.

A craving for a glass of water had served its purpose a thousand times; as her cavalier solicitously departed to fetch the cooling draught, she rose, and carelessly humming the refrain the music had just left off, sauntered lightly out by another door to the open air. A swift glance about her showed her she was unobserved and she stepped down to the grass and along the winding path to a bench at some distance in the shrubbery. Here the smiling mask slipped from her face and with a shiver she dropped her hot face in her hands.

There were no tears. The wave that was welling over her was one of bitter humiliation. She had shot her bolt and missed—she, Katharine Fargo! For three years she had held John Valiant, romantically speaking in the hollow of her shapely hand. Now she had all but thrown herself at his feet—and he had turned away to this flame-haired, vivid girl whom he had not known as many months!

Heavy footfalls all at once approached her—two men were coming from the house. There was the spitting crackle of a match, and as she peered out, its red flare lighted the massive face and floating hair of Major Bristow. His companion's face was in the shadow. She waited, thinking they would pass; but to her annoyance, when she looked again, they had seated themselves on a bench a few paces away.

To be found mooning in the shrubbery like a schoolgirl did not please her, but it seemed there was no recourse, and she had half arisen, when the major's gruff-voiced companion spoke a name that caused her to sit down abruptly.

"Bristow, Shirley's a magnificent girl."

"Finest in seven counties," agreed the major's bass.

"Whom do you reckon she'll choose to marry?"

"Chilly Lusk, of course. The boy's been in love with her since they were in bibs. And he comes as near being fit for her as anybody."

"Hump!" said the other sardonically. "No man I ever saw was half good enough for a good woman. But good women marry just the same. It isn't Lusk. I used to think it would be, but I've got a pair of eyes in my head. If you haven't. It's young Valiant."

The pearl fan twisted in Katharine's fingers. What she had guessed was an open secret, then!

The major made an exclamation that had the effect of coming after a jaw-dropped silence. "I—I never thought of that!"

The other resumed slowly, somewhat bitterly, it seemed to the girl listening. "If her mother was in love with Sassoon—"

Katharine's heart beat fast and then stood still. Sassoon! That was the name of the man Valiant's father had killed in that old duel of which Judge Chalmers had told! "If her mother—"

Shirley Dandridge's mother—"was in love with Sassoon!" Why—

"Was she?"

The major's query held a sharpness that seemed almost appeal. She was

conscious that the other had faced about abruptly.

"I've always believed so, certainly. If she had loved Valiant, would she have thrown him over merely because he broke his promise not to be a party to a quarrel?"

"You think not?" said the major huskily.

"Not under the circumstances. Valiant was forced into it. No gentleman, at that day, could have declined the meeting. He could have explained it to Judith's satisfaction—a woman doesn't need much evidence to justify the man she's in love with. He must have written her—he couldn't have gone away without that—and if she had loved him, she would have called him back."

The major made no answer. Katharine saw a cigar fall unheeded upon the grass, where it lay glowing like a panther's eye.

The other had risen now, his stooped figure bulking in the moonlight. His voice sounded harsh and strained: "I loved Beauty Valiant," he said, "and his son is his son to me—but I have to think of Judith, too. She faints, Bristow, when she saw him—Shirley told me about it. Her mother has made her think it was the scent of the roses! He's his father's living image, and he's brought the past back with him. Every sound of his voice, every sight of his face, will be a separate stab! Oh, his mere presence will be enough for Judith to bear. But with her heart in the grave with Sassoon, what would love between Shirley and young Valiant mean to her? Think of it!"

He broke off, and there was a blank of silence, in which he turned with almost a sigh. Then Katharine saw him reach the bench with a single stride and drop his hand on the bowed shoulder.

"Bristow!" he said brusquely. "You're ill! This confounded philandering at your time of life—"

The major's face looked ashy pale, but he got up with a laugh. "Not I," he said; "I was never better in my life! We've had our mouthful of air. 'Come on back to the house.'"

"Not much!" grunted the other. "I'm going where we both ought to have been hours ago." He threw away his cigar and stalked down the path into the darkness.

The major stood looking after him till he had disappeared, then suddenly dropped on the bench and covered his face. Something like a groan burst from him.

"My God!" he said, and his voice came to Katharine with a quaver of age and suffering—very different from the jovial accents of the ballroom—"If I were only sure it was Sassoon!"

Presently he rose, and went slowly toward the lighted doorway.

(Continued Next Week.)  
Stops Neuralgia—Kills Pain.

Sloan's Liniment gives instant relief from Neuralgia or Sciatica. It goes straight to the painful part—soothes the nerves and stops the pain. It is also good for rheumatism, sore throat, chest pains and sprains. You don't need to rub—it penetrates. Mr. J. R. Swinger, Louisville, Ky. writes: "I suffered with quite a severe Neuralgic headache for four months without any relief. I used Sloan's Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't suffered with my head since." Get a bottle today. Keep in the house all the time for pains and all hurts, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00, at your druggist. Bucklen's Arnica Salve for all sores.

## "BOB" GRIFFIN DEAD.

Well Known Character Dies at County Home in Greenville.

"Bob" Griffin, known in this city where he often landed in his wanderings around the country, died in Greenville Saturday night. The "Major", as he was often called, on frequent trips to Laurens and his passing away will be noted with regret by many who knew him here. The Greenville News had the following account of his death:

"Bob Griffin, familiarly known as the 'Major' and nicknamed by some of his friends of the city as 'Bob White' died at the County Aims House Saturday night. He had been an inmate of that institution for some time—previously he had been in the State Hospital for the Insane but had recovered so that the authorities considered that it would not be unsafe to liberate him—and he soon returned to his haunts in the city and suburban towns.

"Bob Griffin was said to be a native of Pickens County, where he has relatives but he very seldom spoke of them and in fact their location could not be learned and consequently he will be buried at the cemetery at the aims house, at the expense of the county, but his coffin will be a neater one. This is in accordance with a request he made to the undertaker years ago—that 'when I die I want purty silber handles on my coffin dis like dese.' The undertaker did not

forget his request. So Bob will not be buried in the regulation paper coffin, but his body will be laid away in a neat casket partly at the expense of the county and a nice burial suit will also be put on him.

"Bob Griffin has been a familiar figure about the streets of the city for years. He was about 50 years old. He was held in terror by the younger generation but was considered to be a harmless simpleton by many, until he became enraged by some one who thought they were acting smart by teasing and worrying him and he would then become enraged and would defend himself the best he could, but otherwise he was harmless, and for those who had befriended him or would defend him from the fibes of the thoughtless he held them in the highest esteem and he would do anything he could for them.

"Bob Griffin had many friends who had sympathy for him and he would not want for anything to eat or wear if they knew that he was in need—but a few weeks ago he became sick and it was deemed wise by the authorities to take him to the county home, where he could have proper attention and during his sickness Supt. and Mrs. Pike gave him all the attention possible and Dr. W. L. Mauldin, the county physician was very attentive to him."

## SALE OF SCHOOL BONDS.

\$7,000.00 20-year coupon six (6) per cent. bonds of School District Dials No. 5, of Laurens County, the State of South Carolina.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as Trustees of School District Dials No. 5, of Laurens County, the State of South Carolina, are authorized and hereby offer for sale \$7,000.00 20-year coupon bonds of the said School District in denominations of \$500.00 (or in such other denominations as will suit the purchaser), bearing interest at six (6) per cent. per annum, and payable semi-annually. Bonds will be dated July 1st, 1914.

All bids must be sealed and filed with C. B. Owings, Secretary of the Board of Trustees by or before 12 o'clock noon of Tuesday, July 25th, 1914, at his office in the town of Gray Court, in said county and state, at which time and place the bids will be opened. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for \$150.00 to insure good faith and consideration. The said Trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids for said bonds. By order of the Board of Trustees, July 9th, 1914.

R. L. Gray, Chairman,  
W. R. Cheek,  
C. B. Owings, Secretary,  
Trustees.

51-21

The Perfect Nail.  
The perfect nail ought to be white and naturally polished; transparent without being too thin; slightly pink and not brittle; length to the ends of the fingers. Such are the nails of those possessing refinement, correct natural taste and tact.

Cultivate Graciousness.  
Nothing adds more to the charm of life than graciousness. Rough bluntness is never a valuable possession. People who are unattractive are self-asserting, conceited, insolent, stubborn. They insist on having their own way and never make concessions.

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Courses leading to degree of A. B. and A. M.

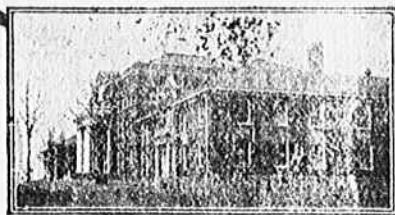
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Situation ideal for health and comfort.

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## Marked Down!

Cut prices are made on the remaining stock of Ladies' and Children's colored sunshades—they will be found on the Centre Tables marked in plain figures. Sheer colored and solid White Fabrics must move now.

Special Value in Ladies' White Waists.

Among the Hosiery you can secure the size, color and weight you desire.

## W. G. Wilson & Co

## FOR SALE

Nine tracts of land belonging to Mrs. Mattie D. Putnam at and near Barksdale Station will be sold in the next five months—a bargain in every one of these tracts:

- (1) The Glenn Place one mile of Greenville and Laurens Road containing 236 acres.
- (2) Creswell Franklin or Knob Place on road from Barksdale to Goodgions Factory containing 78 acres.
- (3) Second Knob Place joining above tract containing 30 acres.

- (4) Permelia Shockley Tract containing 27 acres.
- (5) Nathan Barksdale Tract containing 58 acres.
- (6) Catherine Putnam Home Place containing 19 acres.
- (7) Part of Catherine Putnam Place containing 34 acres.
- (8) The Bill Armstrong Place containing 65 acres.
- (9) The Mitchell Place at Barksdale on Greenville and Laurens Road containing 126 and 1-2 acres.

One concrete store room at Barksdale Station.  
House and lot of Anna C. West and known as the C. C. Featherstone Place on West Main Street in city of Laurens.

The A. J. Taylor house and lot on East Main Street.

Nice Bungalow on South Harper Street.

S. S. Boyd Place on East Main Street.

One house and lot in town of Gray Court.

Thad. Nelson house and lot on West Hampton Street.

Four Hundred acres five miles of Whitmire, known as the Mars Place.

Five Hundred acres one-half miles of Madden Station known as Henry Place.

Two Hundred acres, bounded by lands of T. M. Shaw home-place, known as Motte Place.

Four Hundred acres, bounded by T. M. Shaw home-place and known as Alsie Coleman Place.

Mary C. Sullivan house and lot on Sullivan Street.

Two houses and lots on Laurel Street.

## Laurens Trust Company

R. A. COOPER, President.

J. S. MACHEN, Sec. and Treas.